

TO  
[963] HIS GRACE  
CHRISTOPHER  
Duke of Albemarle, &c.  
LATELY ELECTED  
CHANCELOUR  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
CAMBRIDGE.

---

*A Pindarick Poem.*

---

---

Ἄϊε' ἔγχε Διὸς κύρσις μέλει; αἰεν αἰοιδῶν  
Ἵμνεῖν ἀθανάτους, ὕμνεῖν ἀγαθῶν κλέα ἀνδρῶν,  
Μῶσαι μὲν, Θεαὶ ὄντι, Θεὸς Θεαὶ αἰείδουσι: *Theocr.*

---

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by JOHN HAYES, Printer to the University;  
For Francis Hicks, Bookseller in Cambridge, 1682.



THE  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY  
OF  
ALBANY  
NEW YORK  
CHAS. A. DELL  
OF  
THE  
LIBRARY  
OF  
THE  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

24-344

PRINTED BY LOUIS HAYES, HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
FOR PUBLICATION, ALBANY, N. Y.

i

TO  
HIS GRACE  
CHRISTOPHER  
Duke of Albemarle, &c.

A  
P O E M.

---

(I.)

**Y**E sacred Powers ! that inspire  
The breasts of happy *Bards* with vocal fire,  
Do not ye sacred Powers ! disdain  
The meanest of your Train.  
Ye who the sweet *Dircean Swan* did upward bear ; —  
Methinks I see him now, — methinks he there,  
Sails o're the bosom of the liquid Air,  
See with what sweet consent his wings do play,  
How evenly they cut his noble way,  
How he the distant Earth surveys on every side ;  
And wonders at himself with decent pride.  
How swift blest Swan thy Wings do move ;  
Swifter than Light, than Death, than Love ;  
Nor may thy reason call in vain,  
How swift blest Swan thou'rt here again ;

A 2

While



(2)

While we *Plebeians* of the Air  
Do wonder from afar,  
Do wonder thus to see thee soar,  
Where winds could never fly before;  
But much more wonder when we hear,  
In what melodious notes you break the tunefull air:  
Yet did thy numbers onely tell  
What youth at *Nemea*, *Pisa* did excell;  
Had *ALBEMARLE* been e're among  
The deathless subjects, of thy winged song;  
Thou'dst held *Ismenus* stream with far more sweet delay;  
Nay thou hadst forc'd thy airy way,  
Above the happy mansions of Eternal Day.

(II.)

Beauteous *Albion*! happy Isle!  
On whom kind Heavens ever smile,  
Fairest spot of all below!  
Of all cold *Neptunes* arms around do flow,  
Great Parent of Great Arts, and Men!  
When did any Hero, when  
Any so Illustrious shine,  
Beauteous *Albion*! of thine;  
Quickly His active Soul attain'd its prime,  
Too swift for the dull measurer Time;  
None e're so soon Virtues fair race begun,  
None e're the prize so early won;  
Unless the silver-footed *Thetis* Son;

Unless

(3)

Unless the brave *Thessalian Boy*,  
The future fate of perjur'd *Troy*:  
O're Rocks, which heightned by eternal Snow;  
Familiar with the Clouds did grow;  
O're savage Vales the sporting Youth would go;  
He toy'd with Pain, with Danger play'd,  
And Death His recreation made:  
Should some fierce Beast, who long did reign;  
The dreaded Monarch of the neighbouring Plain,  
Should it by chance but strike His eye;  
Forth the swift-footed Youth did fly,  
With His young foot his neck He prest,  
With His young hands He rent the Beast,  
In vain he strove, In vain did roar;  
In vain the senseless Earth he tore;  
With dreadfull pleasure the bold Youth would smile;  
And to His frightened Guardian panting bear the spoil.

(III.)

To *ALBEMARLE* bring back thy wandring song;  
To *ALBEMARLE* the Great, the Valiant, & the Young:  
In whom most distant Virtues are,  
In whom with mingled grace appear,  
The softness of mild Peace, and fierceness of rough War:  
Good, Loyal, Bounteous, Hospitable, Brave,  
Yet not the Courts, nor Fortunes slave;  
So Good, so easie of access,  
His height but makes Him seem the less;

B

None

(4)

None e're so much Himself conceal'd,  
From those His conversation held,  
None e're so secretly excell'd:  
Whilst with delight insensible they grew,  
And scarce the present blessing knew:  
So when the Earth swelling with humble pride,  
Its well dissembled height would hide;  
To the pleas'd Traveller no rise appears,  
When He walks wrapt in Clouds, Companion of the Stars.  
So Bounteous; His Plenty was not given  
With greater easiness by willing Heaven,  
Then the large-hearted Youth bestows,  
Then it to wanting Virtue flows;  
So Hospitable; *Jove* himself ne're found  
Plenty, with greater Freedom crown'd,  
When He vouchsafes to be a Guest,  
At some just, blameless *Aethiopians* Feast.  
'Twas His Great FATHER clear'd our Earth,  
Of ev'ry pestilent birth;  
But 'tis He past Virtues rough streight,  
And her *non ultra* fixt unpassable by Fate.

(IV.)

How did our wretched Island labour! How  
Sedition did all o'reflow!  
Like some enraged Torrent whose Impetuous course  
Disdains the mean restraint of mortal force;

In



(5)

In vain the Woods, the Rocks resist in vain;  
While he o're all does Victor reign,  
And meditates destruction to the Plain;  
Onely in dismal noise the rebel Waves agree,  
And carry war, not tribute to the Sea.  
'Twas *ALBEMARLE* did first oppose its way;  
'Twas He did the loud ruine stay;  
How did it shrink! How did it all!  
Its scatter'd waters homeward call,  
And in the deep, low channel, of Obedience fall.  
How did the abject Many fear!  
When *ALBEMARLE* did first appear,  
When He lift up His awfull head,  
All storms of Mutiny fled,  
Religious airy blasts did cease,  
And the calm Multitude slid gently into Peace.

(V.)

As the blest Sun doth his fair beams display,  
When with returning light,  
From the cold Pole he dissipates the winter, and the night.  
Shedding kind heat, and doubling day;  
Such did our much-wish'd *CHARLES* return,  
With such mild Influence, such gentle Lustre burn.  
Like the fair dawn to His bright day,  
Like the fair Star which did prepare its way,  
The comly'ft of the fires above,  
The beauteous Favourite of the Queen of Love;

B 2

Such

(6)

Such thy GREAT FATHER shone,  
Conspicuous even in CHARLES's noon;  
Then did each gentle *Muse* take wing,  
(For He the *Muses* too set free,  
From Ignorances slavery :  
More shall they owe to His Posterity.)  
And of much-suffering *Charles*, of *Charles* triumphant sing.  
And so they sung, as when above,  
Their numbers charm'd returning *Jove*,  
When the bold Sons of Earth, to Hell were driven,  
By the Great ALBEMARLE of Heaven.

(VI.)

How much do we of Thy Great FATHER see,  
God-like ALBEMARLE in Thee;  
Tho' now ascrib'd to the blest Gods above,  
He drinks Immortal Nectar, with Immortal *Jove*;  
Yet could not envious Death prevail,  
Hereditary Worth should fail;  
Soon didst Thou fill His place, soon Thou  
Didst Thy great Lineage show :  
While He like *Virgil's* sacred Bough,  
Tho' pluck'd by Fate, still His rich line does hold;  
And still survives in Thy succeeding gold.  
With Thee our pious PRINCE secure shall go,  
By Monsters worse than those below,  
Monsters, which from the lees of Peace, and dregs o'th'  
(Rabble grow.

With



(7)

With Thee secure His course shall take,  
By the reviving *Hydra* of the *Leman lake*.  
Free from *Furies* thô th' agree,  
From the *Briarean* Many free,  
No harm from thence His height invades,  
With His own light He dissipates those empty shades:  
'Till He (but late, late let it be!) shall come  
To the blest *Elyzium*,  
'Till He shall reach the Happy Quire;  
And there consult our Good, there with His Martyr'd Sire.

(VII.)

But who shall now best o're the *Muses* reign,  
Whose Empire will not they disdain,  
'Tis *ALBEMARLE*, 'tis He alone,  
Who all His Great Fore-Fathers, Greater has outgon;  
'Tis He, the God-like He,  
Shall hold the *Muses* Monarchy;  
For who so soon, for who so young,  
Who shall so much, so late, so long,  
Give deathless matter to the *Muses* Song.  
How much those Arts to Him shall ow!  
Which with His Fathers Victories did grow,  
How much the *Muses* flourish too!  
Thô with Ambiguous Ills beset,  
Sullen Perverseness, intricate Deceit,  
From Double *Rome*, from Dull *Geneva* threat,  
Their innocent, and humble Seat:

C

This

(8)

This peacefull Calm portends the War,  
This too still Silence shows it near,  
As if they onely would the signal hear:  
So when two Clouds their dismal shock prepare,  
On the vast plains o'th' gloomy Air,  
A sudden silence damps the World below,  
Onely the frightened Winds through every Grove,  
In distant hollow murmurs, or dry whistlings move;  
And Natures self, some fear does seem to show.  
Yet shall no Thunder e're the *Muses* peace invade,  
Beneath your Lawrells happy shade;  
While they through You sweet, soft repose enjoy;  
You shall their choicest Verse employ,  
Thy Virtues their immortal subject be,  
While vocal *Cam* flows all to Thee.

(VIII.)

Great the alliance is of Wit and Arms,  
The *Muse* the Warrior to just Valour warms;  
Numbers do first the Soul engage,  
Then temper, and rebate its rage:  
The *Grecian Youth* had Plough'd in vain  
The surges of the untry'd Main;  
Had not Sweet *Orpheus* charm'd the Noble Train:  
'Twas He their active spirits did raise,  
(For well tun'd Souls a part in consort bear,  
And strike themselves the Note they hear;  
Nor wonder is: they so agree  
For Souls themselves are harmony)

And

(9)

And what he best inspir'd best did praise.  
She whom in some exalted thought,  
*Jove* on his teeming Brain begot;  
And thence presides o're Mortal Wit below,  
O're gentle Arts, which from soft Peace do flow;  
Yet She the fatal spear does weild,  
Yet bears the Petrifying Shield;  
Nay did so brave, so valiant prove,  
She ev'n in Heaven did envy move,  
When She secur'd the doubtfull Throne of *Jove*.

(IX.)

Vain were all Worth, all Virtue vain,  
Should Lives poor circle the short good contain,  
Should it like us too die,  
Like us too unregarded, undiscover'd lie;  
Yet would it die, yet would decay,  
Yet like us too would melt away.  
Did not the *Muses* tunefull breath  
Raife equal to the Gods immortal Man,  
Exempt from Chance, secure of Death,  
Stretch to Eternity his wretched span,  
And envy him to the shades beneath:  
Much Virtue was there, many Actions done  
Actions worthy of renown;  
Ere scorched *Xanthus* purple flood,  
Vainly Great *Peleus* greater Son withstood,  
Yet are not they, nor are their actors known;

C 2

They



( 10 )

They and their actors both forgotten flow ;  
Where dull Oblivion drags its lazy stream below :  
For they no *Muse*, no living *Muse* did know.

Some happy Favourite of the Nine,  
Some *Spencer*, *Cowley*, *Dreyden* shall be Thine :

( Happy *Bards* who erst did dream,  
Near thy own *Cam*'s inspiring stream : )  
He midst the records of immortal Fame,  
He midst the Starrs shall fix Thy Name,  
The *Muses* safety, and the *Muses* Theam.

---

F I N I S.

---



